

## RUSSIA'S JOAN OF ARC AWAITS HERE REVOLUTION'S CALL

Trina Shefte Ready to Give  
Even Life to Aid Cause  
of Liberty.

TELLS HER SAD STORY.

Cousins Slain, Brothers Hunt-  
ed and Herself Tortured by  
Czar's Soldiers.

By Ethel Lloyd Patterson.

Only chance revealed to New Yorkers the heroine who had risked her life for a cause, who has suffered physical torture rather than betray her comrades, and brought her from the obscurity of her Boston home into public notice.

Plain Trina Shefte, called as a witness in the case of Jan Janoff Pouden, Russian Revolutionist, proves to be the Russian Joan of Arc famed among the Friends of Liberty in Russia and loved for her devotion to the cause.

Poorly, almost shabbily, dressed, nervous and shy, yet dignified, she was found with a party of revolutionists in an East Forty-second street restaurant last night.

Cousins Slain by Czar.

"There was no personal reason for my hatred of the Czar when first I joined the Russian Revolutionary movement," she said.

"I had not as yet suffered personally, but became interested through books and pamphlets which were sent to my brothers and my cousins. Then the knowledge that my brothers had this literature became known to the government spies. They were persecuted and forced to hide, and my cousins were shot—two of them—Otto, Otto Freilich, without any pretense of a trial.

"After that I was a wild thing. There was no going back for me. I worked heart and soul for the cause. I was one of the two members of the revolutionary bureau which existed until the early fall of 1905. My cousins had charge of township meetings at which resolutions were adopted prohibiting the sale of liquor at inns and denouncing the Russian spies. The government sought the minutes of these meetings, and it was then that I came to know Jan Pouden.

"Tortured Her in Vain.  
"My cousin who was shot had the minutes, which came into the hands of Pouden, who passed them on to me, and I destroyed them. Then I sheltered Pouden while the authorities were guarding every possible avenue of escape.

"After that it became my duty to assign members of the revolutionary militia to points in and about Sisgal to thwart the Czar's soldiers. For this I was arrested on Sept. 2, 1906, and I was in the hands of the Czar's soldiers for nearly a month. I was beaten almost to death. I was made to make me reveal the names of my comrades.

"There was a rescue.  
They let me go after they had tortured me enough. She went on, "and I came here because I knew that in the present at least I could be of no further service in Russia.

Ready for Summons.

"I live quietly with my husband in Boston. Two of my brothers are waiting day by day for the call to go back and put our shoulders to the wheel. I was of this opportunity to come to New York and testify for Jan Pouden, for it made me feel as though I was of some use to the cause once more.

"What would I give to see the revolution succeed? Trina Shefte repeated, "What would I not give?  
Her lips trembled and the tears came. "My life is such a little thing to give," she said, "but it is all I have. I would give it, my all, in years and years of torture, and think them happy moments if I could strike one shackle from the wrists of Russia as I feel."

## TWO FIGHT FOR LIFE IN RESCUING DROWNING MAN.

Bluecoat Finally Saves Reback,  
Would-Be Suicide, and Howard  
Who Leaped in After Him.

Henry Reback, seventy-two years old, a retired contractor, of No. 65 Thirtieth street, South Brooklyn, leaped into the lower bay last night from the pier at the foot of Fifty-seventh street. Henry Howard, of No. 330 Fifty-first street, jumped overboard to rescue him, but was dragged down by the drowning man.

Howard's shouts brought Policeman Clifford Britt to the pier. He jumped in and saved both men after a desperate struggle.  
Reback was taken to the No. 72 wagon hospital, unconscious, a prisoner, charged with attempted suicide. It was said he was likely to die. The police did not learn the cause of his act. It was said he is a widower.

Send This to Your Dentist!

**Private Mailing Slip**



TO MR. MAILTHIS TOHIM:  
No wonder your tooth aches, dear sir. The dentist that you went to was an expert. You shouldn't have paid a cent to. Send him this mailing slip and say he should read World Want Ads. today. And hire an assistant right away—One who will EARN his weekly pay. TO PROTECT OTHERS DON'T DELAY.

## Heroine Who Is Ready to Give Her Life in Cause of Russian Liberty



TRINA SHEFTE.

## CLUBWOMEN MEET, RESOLVE AND EAT

One Lone Man Is Heard at  
Convention of the  
Federation.

At the Hotel Astor this morning a festive appearance prevailed, and it wasn't in honor of the returning automobile enthusiasts, either. Through the corridors, decorated with flags and flowers, women of all ages and sizes bustled, and to the eighth floor, into the very midst of the sixth annual convention of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs.

In a gold and white hall Mrs. William Summing Story, president, verbally extended a welcome to her friends. Fat dowagers of sixty and slim matrons of thirty proudly presenting Directors, shapely, tall women with bean-pole figures, and women with no figures at all, were there to see and be seen by the club members of Greater New York.

One trousered intruder dared to invade this Eden, and he came solely in the cause of art. Because Mrs. Fanny Powell was ill at home Dr. John Quincy Adams heavily consented to speak at the convention on the progress of the Art Club of New York, and two hundred and thirty pairs of gloved hands applauded.

Then the Luncheon Club was heard from, and, according to the statistics read by Mrs. William Grant Brown, there ought to be no hungry mortals wandering around. Mrs. J. B. Roberts put in a plea for the club reporter, while a resolution to appoint club members who should carry on a crusade against unnecessary noise made by small boys was hotly discussed and finally laid on the table.

When other resolutions were read and passed it developed that the Interborough road officials were to be heard from the Women's Clubs of New York, for, unless signs designating the destination of subway cars are placed in the two front windows of every car Manhattan's feminine clubs are determined to take the matter to court.

## CHOKED TO DEATH BY HIS FALSE TEETH

They Slipped Out of Place  
While Kennedy Was Tak-  
ing a Bath.

William Kennedy, fifty-two years old, guest of a hotel at No. 416 Third avenue, was found dead in a bathtub this morning.

While bathing, his false teeth slipped out of place and lodged in his throat. He choked to death.  
Reports in the main possession showed that he had served thirty years in the United States Army. He had enlisted five times for six years each. He was discharged as sergeant at Mare Island last month.

## 93 VICTIMS ARE MAIMED DAILY BY CITY RAILROADS

Crossing Broadway Is Three  
Times as Dangerous as  
Crossing the Atlantic.

THE FIGURES PROVE IT.

Statistician Quackenbush Has  
Collected Many Other  
Startling Facts.

An average of ninety-three persons are injured in New York City daily by the operation of the elevated, subway and surface car lines. This, appalling as it may seem, is a condition that has existed for years, despite improved methods of transportation and extra precautions for the protection of citizens.

The danger of losing your life in crossing any of the large centers of traffic is three times greater than if you were to cross the Atlantic Ocean. You may imagine all sorts of horrors of an ocean voyage, but there isn't one-third as much excuse for them as you may think conjure up before tripping across Broadway at Forty-second street.

A tall, square-shouldered young man, with piercing eyes and convincing manner, who directs an office force of a score or more at No. 92 William street, has for three years found delight in digging into just this kind of data. He'll tell you he'd rather prow around a police station or stand in the center of a Brooklyn Bridge crush watching the actions of the crowd than to go to the best show on the White Way or toast his feet on a cold winter's night by a cheerful, homelike fire.

Edwin B. Quackenbush, executive agent of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation.

Has gruesome Figures.  
Mr. Quackenbush has been saying some things to make people sit up and take notice. For instance, he has collected statistics showing that the annual loss of life in railroad accidents, mines and manufacturing concerns in the United States in one month is larger than the casualty list of the Spanish-American war, including deaths caused by statistics that a manufacturer makes an inspection of his plant only once or twice a month is as much danger of losing his life as the superintendent who is right on the job day in and day out.

This year's statistical wizard—has even taken the trouble to find out what percentage of women riding on street cars get off backward.

"I stationed one of my men," says Mr. Quackenbush, "at Broadway and Twenty-third street one day, and he made a note of every case that came under his eyes for twelve hours. He found that four out of eleven women get off cars backward, while one out of nine men do the same trick."

If Mr. Quackenbush's information stopped there it would not be of particular account, because some policemen along Broadway and other centers of traffic have been unkind enough to remark that every woman who rides on a street car alights backward.

Why Thefts Are Easy.  
But Mr. Quackenbush goes deep into other subjects. He thinks that the methods employed by burglars and thieves are worth looking into, so that is why he says he didn't get to bed this morning until 5 o'clock. No street!

Never let it be said that Mr. Quackenbush will let a chance pass. He has found out that he has already large store of statistics.

"Now, it may seem strange to you," Mr. Quackenbush says, looking you squarely in the eyes and pointing one finger to emphasize his subject, "but it's an honest fact that 75 per cent. of the robberies committed in New York might be frustrated were it not for the carelessness of the victims themselves. Was, just to illustrate, Of 600 houses inspected my men found that more than 400 of them were equipped with beveled locks. It's the easiest thing in the world for a burglar to work these. All he has to do is use a pocketknife and the lock is done."

According to Mr. Quackenbush, 5,594 persons disappear in this country annually who are never afterward heard of.

Has Many Agents.  
Now, just how Mr. Quackenbush collects all these data he'd rather not go into detail. Fact is, however, he has some 500 agents about the Great City who are always on the lookout for him. There are thousands of agents throughout the United States who help him collect the statistics.

"I have, perhaps, heard of more peculiar accidents than most men," continues Mr. Quackenbush, "but there was one out in Elyria, Ohio, several months ago that has left me all skinned. Eight persons were injured in a trolley car crash and each lost both legs."

Mr. Quackenbush comes of a family of statisticians. He has one brother whose hobby is to gather information about the fire departments in the large cities; another is in the army, and finds great delight in collecting figures on army life.

There's one thing I've found out," Mr. Quackenbush remarks, "that should be of especial interest to women who would have their husbands' car smoking. It is the fact that there are three times more danger of a man losing his life by riding in a motor car than there is of a train. The moral: Persuade your husband to give up smoking."

More than 11,000,000 accidents are said to occur in the United States annually, or an average of one in seven persons injured, proportionate to population. Mr. Quackenbush has volumes upon volumes of reports from every State and territory in the Union to substantiate this.

## BABY DOOMED BECAUSE SHE IS TOO SPEEDY

Fleet Ambulance Mare Has  
Answered 15,000 Hurry  
Calls in Ten Years.

DEARLY LOVES SWEETS.

But Surgeons Are Scared of  
Her and She Is For  
Sale.

Are you an ardent admirer of equine excellence? And have you a steady old plodder you'd like to exchange for an almost genuine "also ran?"  
Just go up to the Flower Hospital at Avenue A and Sixty-fourth street, and take a look at the prize winner ambulance racer, Baby, whose sole fault is her speed—speed which has saved many a life.

A small, long-limbed, white mare Baby is, with a sweet tooth and an almost human intelligence. For four years she has filled her place in the hospital corps, answering in that time nearly 15,000 calls, and now she is to be sold or exchanged.

"Well, you don't want her," you say to yourself. "Ten years in the hospital service! That means they're trying to sell you a broken-down wreck, and aloud you ask her age."

You are told seventeen! You laugh boisterously at the idea of your buying a horse who is on its last weakened legs, but you consent to a short ride behind her. You notice the clean, youthful action of her limbs as she swings out of the stable. It's the only chance you get to observe it, for once in the street she is off, like a flash, with the ambulance bell clanging warningly behind her. Sure it's a runaway, you are, but the driver's calm and the swift but steady movement convinces you that Baby is going her regular gait.

It certainly is not in the heart of man to resist such a bargain, and as you are only human, the exchange will be made. That means they're trying to sell you a broken-down wreck, and aloud you ask her age."

You are told seventeen! You laugh boisterously at the idea of your buying a horse who is on its last weakened legs, but you consent to a short ride behind her. You notice the clean, youthful action of her limbs as she swings out of the stable. It's the only chance you get to observe it, for once in the street she is off, like a flash, with the ambulance bell clanging warningly behind her. Sure it's a runaway, you are, but the driver's calm and the swift but steady movement convinces you that Baby is going her regular gait.

When an Evening World reporter called on Baby in her stall to-day the mare told the whole story with the aid of the head driver. But when I see a merry mood coming on I generally try to induce her to leave the stable first, as on one occasion her gay spirits cost me a couple of hundred."

"Does she know it? She walks right up to it every time, and the funny part is that no matter where I hide it she always finds it. Occasionally she gets scared by the sight of a man in a white coat, but I generally try to induce her to leave the stable first, as on one occasion her gay spirits cost me a couple of hundred."

She Doesn't Know Her Fate.  
"The little girl doesn't understand yet that she's to be exchanged or sold," explained the driver in a loud aside. "She's the finest little mare that I've ever driven—that's a fact—and I've been holding the reins for ten years in different places. I've never yet sat back and let her run, and she's never been speed, and that's the surest thing you know. And such intelligence! Just look at her!"

Baby's nose was buried deep in the driver's pocket. She seemed to be finding it difficult to extricate herself until Myers helped her, out patting her long velvety nose as he talked.

"She's always like that, nosing around for sugar! Such a sweet tooth as she's got! Well, you just want to ask Mr. Shultz, the grocer around the corner. I leave it to him. Well, what was it I started to talk about—oh—yes! he's speed."

"Baby was just seven years old when she came here. For seven years she was nothing but an intelligent, steady ambulance horse. And all of a sudden she seemed to take it into her head that the autos were beginning to fill her place and she started to running and racing. Well, as you say, I don't think there's a faster horse in New York. At her age, too! It seems to me she's a horse that grows the equal of the best. Why, the other day we went from here to the Grand Central and back in twelve minutes on a hurry call."

Baby was whispering gently into his ear just as the driver was turned hastily to his assistant.

"Hey! Ritchie, get some sugar for me and a half pint of good whiskey, shake well, and take a teaspoonful every four hours."

It is claimed this mixture will break up a cold in twenty-four hours, and cure any cough that is curable. Being free from opiates and drugs, it is far preferable to the horrid cough remedies that are so common. It provides a quantity sufficient to last the average family an entire year, is as inexpensive as it is effective. County Physician Converse, who afterward issued a burial permit.

Surgeons Afraid of Her Speed.  
Myers' face fell, suddenly.  
"She's too fast, there's the whole trouble. The surgeons are, every one of them, afraid to ride behind her. The other night we had a hurry call. I rushed Baby here into harness and hurried there in no time. Coming back, the surgeon thought she was running away and made a dive for the door to get away. It was all I could do to reassure him. Of course, we keep a record."

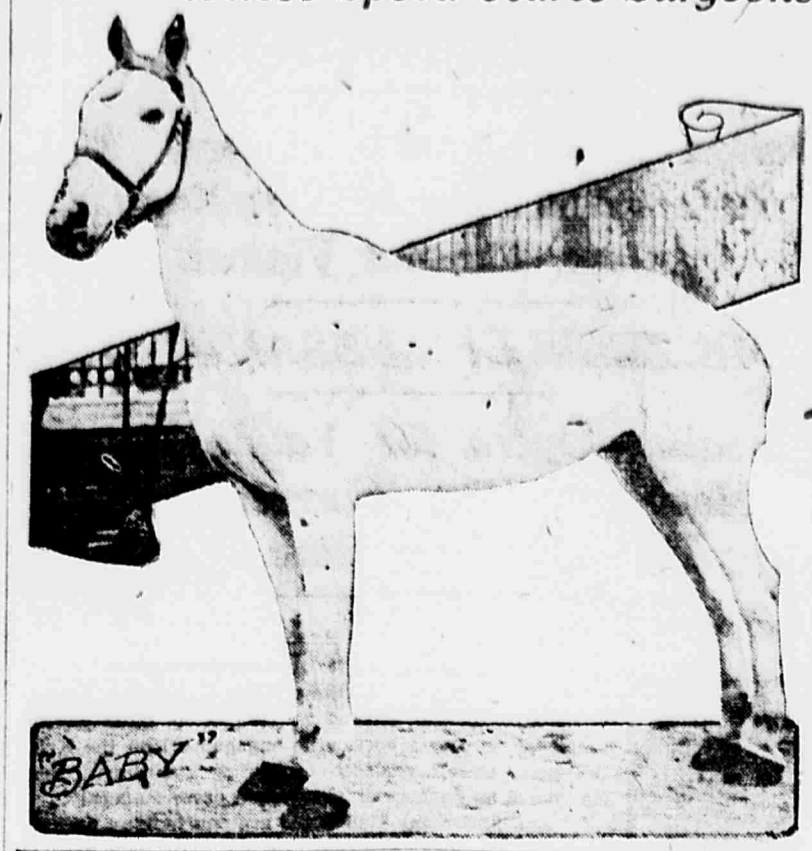
TRY THIS FOR YOUR COUGH.

Mix a half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound with two ounces of Glycerine and a half-pint of good Whisky; shake well, and take a teaspoonful every four hours.

It is claimed this mixture will break up a cold in twenty-four hours, and cure any cough that is curable. Being free from opiates and drugs, it is far preferable to the horrid cough remedies that are so common. It provides a quantity sufficient to last the average family an entire year, is as inexpensive as it is effective. County Physician Converse, who afterward issued a burial permit.

The necessary ingredients can be secured from any good prescription druggist, and the mixture easily prepared. It is well to remember, when having this formula put up, that the genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound is a never-sold-in-bulk, but is put for dispensing only in half-ounce vials, each vial securely sealed in a round glass container, and the genuine only in name and style of package are sometimes offered, but these are essentially different, and often cause nausea. It is better to purchase the ingredients separately and prepare the mixture at home. Be sure to get the genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure, guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June 16, 1906, Serial No. 44, prepared only by Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, O.

## Gentlest of Ambulance Horses, Whose Speed Scares Surgeons



strait on Baby all the time we're driving her to check her breath off when she's going too fast.

"But you should see a surgeon's fear of her make her removal necessary?" he was asked.

"Oh, they've all been behind her at least once, and they all stick together. You see, they complained to the trustees, and the trustees had a meeting and decided she'd have to go. Poor old Baby!"

The nurse rubbed her nose sadly against his arm, and raising her hoof, placed it sympathetically on his hand.

At this point Ritchie returned with three lumps of sugar. As Baby ate them lingeringly from John Myers's hand one could read in her eye the intense satisfaction the sweets were affording her.

Just Ask the Grocer!  
"What were you going to say about the grocer and Baby?" the reporter asked.

"You just ask him about her. He's at No. 49 East Sixty-fourth. I shan't say a word except just to tell you that if I should leave the door open by accident for a minute she'd be over this rope and into the grocer's so quickly I'd never hear her!"

As the reporter was leaving Baby held her paw in a charmingly friendly way, as if inviting another call.

At the grocer's the little man behind the counter smiled humorously at the sound of her name.

"Oh, Baby! Well, I guess I do know her. Many's the time in summer when I've come out from the back of the shop to find her standing right here eating out of the sugar jar."

"But does she know where you keep the sugar?"

"Does she know it? She walks right up to it every time, and the funny part is that no matter where I hide it she always finds it. Occasionally she gets scared by the sight of a man in a white coat, but I generally try to induce her to leave the stable first, as on one occasion her gay spirits cost me a couple of hundred."

There are more cases of kidney trouble here now than ever before, while recent reports show that more people succumb each year to some form of kidney disease than any other cause.

When there is sickness, examine the urine. Rheumatism is only a symptom of kidney trouble. It is nothing more or less than excessive uric acid in the blood, which the sluggish, inactive kidneys have failed to sift out, leaving it to decompose and settle about the joints and muscles, causing intense suffering, frequently resulting in deformity; often reaching the heart, when death ensues.

Pains across the back, frequent painful and suppressed urination and other symptoms of weak bladder are not the only signs of kidney trouble; many cases of stomach disease, headache, pain in the heart, inactive liver, etc., are but symptoms; the cause of which can be traced to feeble, clogged kidneys.

A simple test of the urine is to void a small quantity in a bottle or glass and let it stand over night; next morning, if there is a reddish brick-dust sediment, or white, fleecy substance present, either consult some reputable physician or take a good vegetable treatment. The following prescription is recommended highly in these cases, and the sufferer can mix it at home: Compound Kargon, one ounce; Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Shake well and use in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime.

Where any of the symptoms enumerated above are present, good results are sure to follow immediately the use of this simple prescription.

George Nerchen, twenty-six years old, of New York street, Hoboken, N. J., a frightful death early to-day at the Weehawken end of the Pennsylvania railroad tunnel.

A chute 150 feet long runs down into the tunnel, and is used to convey sand and other material.

Nerchen was dumping sand into the chute when he lost his balance and fell in. A score of laborers worked with desperate energy to shovel away the mass of sand under which Nerchen was buried, but before they reached him he had been smothered to death.

The body was taken to Sharp's morgue where it was viewed by County Physician Converse, who afterward issued a burial permit.

DROPPED DEAD ON DECK.  
Joseph Rouny, stevedore passenger on the steamship Philadelphia, with about \$1,000, dropped dead on the deck just before the ship sailed to-day. He was sixty-nine years old.

WORTH 20¢ A SACK MORE

WASHBURN-CROSBY'S GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

## DINNER PARTY IS OFF WHEN GUEST LOSES \$950 ROLL

Feehan's Money Not Found,  
Hostess and Two Friends  
Are Locked Up.

A young man who says he is William Hoyt Colgate, grandson of the millionaire soap manufacturer, and his friend, John Feehan, who owns several cab stands, had an expensive adventure on Broadway to-day.

Colgate got here a few days ago from Portland, Ore., and, having met his friend, Feehan, the latter, who was expecting quite a party shortly, when her chum from Paris, Henriette de la Fleur, returned from a theatre party. Just then to give the thing a Pittsburgh flavor Charles Knapp, from that town, arrived. Knapp, it seemed, was an old friend, and suggested that a few bottles of champagne might be acceptable. Colgate volunteered to go for it.

"By the way," he remarked to Feehan, "help me \$500 will you?"

"Sure thing," replied Feehan, just like that, and, producing a roll, peeled off the yellow fellows \$500 worth. Then Mr. Colgate, laughingly, explained that it was just a little joke, but Feehan insisted that there was \$500 in the bundle and he could easily spare a small loan.

Colgate didn't accept the loan, but Feehan went out to get the champagne, but—and this is where the story begins to get strange—when he came to pay for it he found that instead of \$500 he had a matter of 50 cents or so, which doesn't buy much wine.

He got Patrolman Leonard, of the West Sixty-eighth street police station, and, with the bluecoat, burst into the festive scene. At this interesting juncture the theatre party returned. The policemen told the theatre party to consider herself under arrest.

"This is an outrage," she cried, pointing to her escort, a small, dark chap. "This man is the son of the President of —," and here she mentioned a certain South American Republic, which it might cause international complications in print.

However, Mr. Knapp of Pittsburgh and the two ladies were arrested. A search of them at the station-house failed to reveal even a trace of yellow paint from Feehan's money.

LIVES LOST AT NICARAGUA.  
Hurricane Swept Coast and Destroyed Towns.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Oct. 24.—A cable from Bluefields, Nicaragua, under date of Oct. 21, says that a disastrous hurricane swept the coast of Nicaragua last Friday to Sunday, destroying the towns of Rio Grande and Prinzapuka, and doing considerable damage to the interior. Only meager advices have been brought here by schooner, but it appears that the entire coast from Pearl Cay to Cape Gracias was swept, and there was much loss of life.

The fruit steamer Dictator is here, safe and uninjured.

## Splendid For Your Kidneys; Also Makes Rheumatism Go.

There are more cases of kidney trouble here now than ever before, while recent reports show that more people succumb each year to some form of kidney disease than any other cause.

When there is sickness, examine the urine. Rheumatism is only a symptom of kidney trouble. It is nothing more or less than excessive uric acid in the blood, which the sluggish, inactive kidneys have failed to sift out, leaving it to decompose and settle about the joints and muscles, causing intense suffering, frequently resulting in deformity; often reaching the heart, when death ensues.

Pains across the back, frequent painful and suppressed urination and other symptoms of weak bladder are not the only signs of kidney trouble; many cases of stomach disease, headache, pain in the heart, inactive liver, etc., are but symptoms; the cause of which can be traced to feeble, clogged kidneys.

A simple test of the urine is to void a small quantity in a bottle or glass and let it stand over night; next morning, if there is a reddish brick-dust sediment, or white, fleecy substance present, either consult some reputable physician or take a good vegetable treatment. The following prescription is recommended highly in these cases, and the sufferer can mix it at home: Compound Kargon, one ounce; Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Shake well and use in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime.

Where any of the symptoms enumerated above are present, good results are sure to follow immediately the use of this simple prescription.

WASHBURN-CROSBY'S GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WORTH 20¢ A SACK MORE

Costs No More